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Kicking Against the Primary.

It seems to be hard work for even the most valiant champions of popular primaries and the rule of the people to accept a verdict of the primaries not relished by those champions.

Last week the Maine legislators elected the Hon. EDWIN CHICK BIRNIGHT, Republican, a Senator in Congress. He got just enough votes and no more. He was the first choice of "the people," the voters of Maine, for the post. In electing him the Legislature fulfilled the popular mandate.

Yet Woodrow Wilson, who so revered the unimpaired and far from multitudinous Jersey Democratic primary in accordance with which the Hon. JAMES FREDERICK MARTINEZ was added to the intellectual treasures of the Senate, seems to have had no thought for the Maine State primary of its choice. All he wanted, he said, was to see the Hon. ORADON GARDNER re-elected.

THORP ROOSEVELT went further. He congratulated the four Progressives who would not obey the decision of the primary but voted for a Progressive candidate. He congratulated them "upon refusing to go in to carry on the reactionary programme." Even if such is the programme Mr. BIRNIGHT stands for the people of Maine wanted him sent to the Senate. As in the case of Governor DENNIS of Illinois, Mr. ROOSEVELT cares nothing for the choice of the people if it is contrary to his own.

Mr. ROOSEVELT is still sitting in darkness, he bows to no rule of the people that doesn't suit him and his friends to rule the roost. Mr. Wilson, too, may be thought to have a very imperfect comprehension of this one of his cardinal principles when a concrete instance of it is not to his taste.

The Voice of Sanity.

The address of that clear sighted and courageous man, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS at the Founders Day exercises of the University of South Carolina is a most cheering and stimulating political document. Ominous of the times, Mr. ADAMS said, were the banners inscribed "no master and no god," which were carried recently in a procession in honor of Puritan Massachusetts. It was the vainglorious cry of "pure democracy."

Mr. ADAMS confessed that he would be disturbed by the prospect of the triumph of "pure democracy," although he admitted that the day of "individuality as it existed in the American ideal" was over and "readjustment in our constitutional arrangements and political machinery" had to be faced. But "pure democracy," he maintained, was "the erection of the political edifice on shifting sands." It was as pregnant with failure as the pure autocracy of the Cæsars and the pure aristocracy of the so-called republic of the Middle Ages. This, we think, was the most inspiring passage in Mr. ADAMS'S address.

"I have never yet in a single instance found that when the people of this or any other country accustomed to parliamentary government desired a thing they failed to obtain it within a reasonable limit of time. Hasty changes are wisely deprecated, but I think I speak within limitation when I say that neither in the history of Great Britain—the mother of Parliaments—nor in the history of the United States has any modification which the people on sober second thought have considered to be for the best long been deferred. Action, revolutionary in character, has not as a rule been needed, or when taken proved salutary. This is a record and result that no careful student of our history will, I take it, deny."

To constitutional and representative government Mr. ADAMS therefore pinned his faith. He pointed out that it took the Anglo-Saxon races "two centuries of incessant conflict" to win judicial independence from a government that was practically an autocracy. He protested against turning the bench over to the control of a "pure democracy" by the proposed recall, because "the irresponsible democratic majority is even more liable to ill considered and vacillating action than is the responsible autocrat." In the matter of the recall of Judges Mr. ADAMS said that he would not trust himself. Why, then, should he trust "the composite demagogue?"

A "pure democracy" would go the length of recalling the President. Why, in the name of common sense, cried their critic, when during a century and a quarter there had not been a single Chief Executive of the United States "to whom the arbitrary recall could have been applied?" But he was free to say that he would increase the Presidential term because he believed it was

now too short for the shaping and carrying out of a policy unaffected by "the political exigencies incident to a succession." Mr. ADAMS apparently approved of a single term, although he did not say so. The Legislature, he declared, was the weak point in our system. The most servicable men were seldom elected, and the Legislature became "the stronghold of mediocrity." In Great Britain the parliamentary system, he believed, was more efficient, because the constituency sought the man wherever it recognized him. The condition that availability must be local, which prevailed in America, personalized individuality and set a premium on moral subservience. Mr. ADAMS asserted. He cannot be challenged, for sometimes there is no greater moral coward than the representative who knows that he may not hold his seat unless he truckles to the crowd.

Mr. ADAMS'S message to the country is that in the way of the referendum, initiative, recall and other curial substitutes for representative government lies disaster, and that representative government will give the people the changes and reforms they want if they want them in sober earnest. If there is a sadder, braver and more honorable political thinker in America than CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, we don't know where he is to be found. One trouble with the country to-day is that there are not more men like him to speak out on the eternal truths.

Jamming the Immigration Bill Through.

If Congress must tinker the immigration law every two or three years, there were amendments in 1907 and 1910, the work should be done with deliberation and some sense of method. The measure which the House passed on Friday was a conference production substituted for the Burnett-Hill test bill that had replaced the elaborate Dillingham bill. Whatever were the defects of the last, it was the result of much study of immigration problems and it was drafted with painstaking care.

Of Republican origin, the Dillingham bill was naturally objectionable to the Democrats in Congress, but it must be said that the conference bill, the third attempt to amend the present law, did not receive proper consideration by the House. Only forty minutes was allowed for debate, and then the conference bill was jammed through to passage. This is legislation by conference committee, and not by the two houses of Congress.

There are commendable features in the bill that now goes to the Senate, which of course will approve of the work of its own conference, but there is one unwise feature, as the country will realize before long. That is the literacy test, the requirement that immigrants shall not be admitted until they prove that they can read some thirty or forty words in their own language printed on a slip of paper. By collusion the test could be made a farce, and probably it will be. But that is not the point. The country needs the strong unflinching folk to do its rough work on the railroads, the streets and public highways, in mines, quarries and on the farm and range. Every member of Congress knows, or ought to know, this. The country is doubtless in more danger from some of the aliens who can read and write than from those who can't, and the latter should be admitted if of good character and mentally and physically sound. The origin of the literacy requirement was hysterical.

Commendable features of the conference bill are the provision for matrons, inspectors and surgeons on immigrant ships; that for interior immigration stations; that for experts in insanity in alien and the permission to immigrants to have counsel on appeals from decisions of special boards of inquiry.

Mr. Howells and His Nobles and Land Monopolists.

The somewhat familiar bill to incorporate certain distinguished persons as the American Academy of Arts and Letters came up in the House of Representatives last week. Their aims and hopes and the probabilities of their gratification by this proposed Academy we needn't consider. Nor shall we now stop to wonder why anybody in the House, which has previously passed the ancillary bill incorporating the American Institute of Arts and Letters, should boggle at this sister measure. The presence of the name of Woodrow Wilson as one of the incorporators ought to have convinced even the most suspicious Jeffersonian in the House that Mr. HOWELLS and his associates have no full design of poisoning American art and letters or establishing an aristocratic college of literary, artistic and musical elders.

It must be admitted that too many of the proposed academicians register at present from the East. JOHN MUR of California is the only Westerner. A "Wall Street" Academy, and therefore to be feared, an Academy which would be dangerous to empower to receive bequests and donations "for the purpose of furthering the interests of literature and the fine arts." Here patriot eyes can see the dead hand strangling the Jeffersonian thought of the future. No monopoly! Indeed, the Hon. HANNAH CHOLLOP of the Second Indiana district suggested that the Academy be authorized to "buy and sell as speculative matter." "Not an academy, you see, but a stock and real estate exchange."

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan was more sprightly: "Take for illustration the State of Indiana. Everybody knows that malaria in that State, commingled with natural gas, has been transformed into inspiration for genius. Yet we have in this list only one genius from Indiana. I want to know why GEORGE ADE and BROTH TARKINGTON and the two McCRENSHAW have been excluded from this illustrious list? (Laughter.)"

"Mr. CULLER and CHARLES S. MAJOR. Mr. TOWSER. The gentleman should not forget the Sweet Singer of Michigan."

"Mr. HAMILTON—I do not forget any of

the sweet singers of Michigan, but time will not permit me even to attempt to enumerate them."

Mr. TOWNSEND of New Jersey assured the brethren that something like justice had been done to Indiana, that capital of literature.

"If the gentleman will yield, I will say that BROTH TARKINGTON, GEORGE ADE and the entire McCreeshon family, as well as a large and estimable collection from the literary belt of Indiana, are already members of the institute. As suggested by my friend from Missouri, Mr. SHACKLEFORD, they are already members of the lower house, and undoubtedly will be elevated to the upper house when they grow older and are more dignified and have a more fatherly expression. GEORGE ADE is a very young looking man and so is BROTH TARKINGTON. The McCreeshon family range from 10 to 70. I do not know how many of them there are. They are all brilliant. They are Indians, and that means that they are brilliant. They are all in the institute and they will all be in the academy some day."

"My friend from Missouri" hoped that the Academy was only "a harmless little corporation," "only one of the high browed frills of upper literarydom," but he was chilled at the idea of "special privileges and favors" of course for more writers and artists; farmers are another sort of cattle. Mr. SISON of Mississippi, a native of Atlanta county, was naturally rillous, he rambled over New Jersey, Holland, Ireland, Mexico. He snuffed a wicked "hand monopoly." MARTIN DIES of Texas, the most independent and devil may care man in the House, made the most amusing and yet the pinhead speech. He was against the bill not from "any pique or resentment that that new raw beef producing State of Texas is not honored with an inclusion here," but because he was opposed to "a corporation of literature and art." He laughed at the House and at himself.

"Of course, you understand what THOMAS HAYESBORN LOUNSBURY of Connecticut has done, and you understand what JOHN SINGER SARGENT of Massachusetts has done, what HORACE HOWARD FURNESS of Pennsylvania has done. That is known to all of you, that is those of you who have devoted hours to the pursuit of knowledge and of literature and of art, as well as it is known to myself, but ought I, because my life has been more fortunate than yours, because the gentleman from New Jersey, Mr. TOWNSEND, for instance, and myself in our closets have delved into these wonderful works of art and read the productions of these wonderful men, ought we to take snap judgment on you gentlemen who are more or less rustic in the arts and in literature? (Laughter and applause.)"

"For myself, Mr. Speaker, as I gaze back now upon my moments of leisure, when I pore over literature and read the works of cranks (sic) of art while a good many of you were busily engaged getting elected to Congress, in the magnanimity of my soul, I am not willing to vote those fifty men upon you until you at least know that you are painters, which sculptors and which are authors. (Laughter and applause.)"

Mr. DIES seems to have been unaware that the senior Mr. FURNESS is dead. We wonder how many members of the House ever heard of him or of JOHN SARGENT or Professor LOUNSBURY. We wonder if there are fifty—no, twenty-five—men in the House that can tell what each of the three is distinguished for.

Despoiling Kansas City.

An intrusive and meddling Alderman, HAMBER BROWN by name, has had the audacity to strike a blow at one of the unique and most widely approved institutions of Kansas City. He is the father and all travelers will hope, the sole supporter of a proposed ordinance designed to abolish the happy custom of dice shaking for cigars with the beautiful young Missouri women who adorn the tobacco departments of the Kansas City hotels.

It is the practice of these captivating creatures to offer, when a man buys a smoke, to shake dice with him, he to pay nothing if he wins, the young woman to receive adequate compensation for her goods and her time if he is beaten. Double or quits is the favorite proposal advanced a few years ago. The terms differed with the environment, but the gross result was a combination of tobacco, mild gaming and feminine charm at once soothing, enlivening and, of course, elevating. This pleasant recreation the rude and unpoetical BROWN would end.

We have nothing but contempt for him. We regard him with disdain. He would extract from life in Kansas City one of its few pleasures. We hope his brother Aldermen will defeat his iconoclastic scheme, and then adjourn to shake dice for cigars, or seggars, as their tastes suggest, with all the pretty tobacco girls in Kansas City.

The Old Songs.

In a letter to THE SUN a lover of old fashioned music says that he "would rather hear 'Kathleen Mavourneen' or 'The Lost Chord' than the whole Metropolitan Opera Company struggling with Puccini's 'The Girl of the Golden West,'" and he wants to know what is the matter with present day music. "Who," says he, "has ever touched the heart like BALFE, SULLIVAN and THOMAS?" Other composers have touched the heart, too, and they are not all of the old school and other times; what this critic appears to mean is that people are running after grand opera when they would be spending their time better and enjoying themselves more by listening to the old songs.

Grand opera has had its devotees and admirers for generations, and their numbers are ever increasing. There are a good many reasons why people like to hear and to see grand opera. Perhaps one is sufficient; the prima donnas, the tenors, the barytones and the basses are heralded as the greatest singers of their time, the most melodious and the best trained, and patrons of the opera, discriminating and experienced, know this to be the case. Grand opera is also a beautiful and often a superb

spectacle. Those who are familiar with the story of each production and can therefore follow the acting as well as listen to the famous airs find their hearts touched and their imaginations agreeably stimulated. As the best grand opera in the world is to be heard in New York it is no wonder the attraction is irresistible.

But fondness for the old songs and ballads, and the new that are meritorious, is not falling off. The recitals of popular singers in this city are crowded. Their audiences cannot hear enough of the old favorites which the reader of THE SUN, lamenting what he thinks is decadence of musical taste, admires so much. It is also to be said that the songs and ballads which he prefers are being popularized more and more every day by the phonographs in a million, yes, millions of homes. Grand opera records are comparatively rare, whereas the finest songs by pleasing melodists can be had for a small sum. There need be no concern about a decline of interest in what may be termed household music.

I doubt very much if there is an officer in the army to-day who in the line of battle could direct the fire of that line. Representative HANLEY HELM.

There can be no doubt that young Mr. HELM does not know what he is talking about.

Governor-General FORSTER on his return here to-day from the United States received a hearty greeting. The dispatch from Manila.

And he rightly deserved it, for he has been a most capable and public spirited Governor-General, and very human besides.

We confess to a good deal of sympathy for the proprietors of moving picture shows. Only a little while ago they were severely criticised for allowing unaccompanied children in their houses. Now the exclusion of the children is called an evil by the Practical Mothers Association. However, the proprietors of the shows are all growing enormously rich anyway and they may not want our sympathy.

Safety in Factories.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, What may be the merit of the other demands made by the striking garment and clothing workers, the protest of the workers against hazardous workshops and factories is well founded. In New York city the clothing industry of all kinds are fire and death traps. In the old non-fireproof buildings the stairways are not enclosed in fireproof material, the fire escapes are old, frail and entirely too small, the rooms are loaded with stocks, which are not protected in any case, the gas pipes are old, rusty and clogged, and are collected in non-fireproof receptacles or allowed to accumulate under tables, and no attempt is made to maintain exits to exits or unobstructed fire escape.

In the new fireproof left buildings the rooms are overcrowded so that the occupants cannot get out in safety. Many of the new buildings have no means of egress from the bottom of the exterior fire escape.

The lessons of the Triangle fire have not been learned by the employers, and the Committee on Safety recommends for serious consideration this demand for better protection of life in the clothing industry. FRANK S. PARKER, Executive Secretary, Committee on Safety, New York, January 17.

The Grave of Silas Wright.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, In your editorial comment on Silas Wright in THE SUN of January 14 you include the following: "Mr. Silas Wright, the statesman's grave in St. Lawrence county is marked by a slab all grown over with shrubs and briars." This statement is not only untrue but it is also a disgraceful insult to the memory of the great statesman.

The grave of Silas Wright is in the center of the cemetery located in the village of Canton, N. Y., and is marked by a large marble shaft. Some twelve years ago the citizens of Canton made an effort to have the remains removed to the village park. Being unsuccessful in obtaining the permission of relatives, the scheme had to be abandoned. Shortly after a fund was raised by the citizens, the remains and shaft were removed from the cemetery, the Silas Wright plot was thoroughly repaired, and for the last ten years the entire cemetery has received regular care and attention. The citizens of Canton are proud of the grave of Silas Wright among the town's former residents and are pleased to show visitors the resting place of one of the foremost statesmen of his day. J. FRED HAMMOND, Canton, January 18.

Getting Rid of the Inauguration Ball.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, If Woodrow Wilson accomplishes nothing else in his administration than the abolition of the inauguration ball it cannot be adjudged a failure. The abolition of the ball is a measure which stands preeminent. It is apparently nothing but a sop to those Washingtonians who, having contributed to the inauguration fund, expect to get a kick back for it. The dignified and simple ceremony in front of the Capitol are quite enough for the incoming of the President of this republic. The Federal Government could well afford to appropriate the money to meet their expenses without the ball, and to reduce to the basis of a donation party.

EDWARD HUNGERFORD, New York, January 18.

"Bonnie Eloise."

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, I was greatly interested in the letter of George Henry Fox in THE SUN of Sunday about the songs of the 60s. I remembered having sung every one of them as a boy and the following will refresh Mr. Fox's recollection of "Bonnie Eloise": "Oh, sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides On its clear winding way to the sea, And sweeter than all storied streams on earth besides. Is that wide rolling river to me. But sweeter, dearer, yes dearer far than these, Who charms when all others fail. Is my blue eyed Bonnie, Bonnie Eloise. The belle of the Mohawk vale."

BROOKLYN, January 18. JOHN C. REBER.

The Permeability of Brooklyn.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, Why is it that those poor Manhattaners who occasionally escape their keepers and get into real city gibe and gibber about Brooklyn? I, who am not specially gifted, have visited all the Eastern cities of importance and most of the Western, and never had any trouble in finding my way, not even in Boston or New Orleans. Cities are much alike everywhere, except to provincials. Flatbush? It is as simple as New York city. Come over, poor city dwellers who live in the subway and an elevator, to a city of homes! WELLVILLE, BROOKLYN, January 18.

Hard Times for the Foollighter.

The Foollighter snorted disgustfully. "There is no ice for them to break through and it is too cold to want to swim," he complained. "I wish it were a frozen lake and an open winter ice boat for him."

Sentiment vs. Skelets.

Stella—Is marriage a failure?
Bella—No, but a pay envelope is never as thick as a love letter.

An Early Come Out.

Jonah emerged in three days.
"Evidently it is not a long shark," he commented.

The Modern.

Kaicker—Did he burn his bridges behind him?
Bocker—Yes, but he knew there was a tube.

IN BARNUM'S "LECTURE ROOM."

"Joseph and His Brethren" and Mrs. Potiphar at Broadway and Ann.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, So they are here again, are they "Joseph and His Brethren"? Last time I saw them must have been in 1882 or thereabout, before the war any way, on the stage of the little theatre in Barnum's Museum, pardon me, I should say the "platform" of the "Lecture Hall," for the great American showman well knew the susceptibilities of the good people who believed the doors of a theatre and the portals of the Inferno to be the same, and therefore never countenanced a "playhouse" on his most delectable premises. And what a run that play had! My father, for journalistic reasons, always had a season fairly pious to Barnum's, and for particularly good behavior permitted me its use on rare and occasional Saturdays. Other and much more frequent days I got it by taking out the rear panel of my desk, where it was locked up.

I guess saw "Joseph and His Brethren" scores of times. It was given twice every week, and I know there were several days when I felt that there was more real instruction to be got from it than from any school, so I stayed through all the performance, and I don't mind to say that I was a faithful student, and in exchange for my copper pennies at the stand just alongside the glassholder's as you went in.

It is a much more moral and edifying drama than that of Mr. Barker. Whole Sunday school classes used to go to it at 10 A. M. after Mr. Barnum had made clear to the pastor in his own alluring way how much good it would do them. They had the front seats in the top gallery, while we, the unfortunates, sat on the floor, and certain wet paper missiles at them from the hard back benches, that is, when the Irishman who kept us in order with a rattan was not looking.

I don't remember the plot if it had any. But Joseph was the unforgettable one. J. J. Prior of the tightly curled ravening locks and clarion voice. You ought to have heard him roll out "Re-release him, re-release him," or the melting pathos of her "Me to do it, to do it, to do it." How we boys did worship her, and the perfection of feminine loveliness and grace, and wonder what Prior, the envied possessor of all those charms, looked like. Did she wear boy's costume? Heavens, no! Only her toes in only stockings glinted at intervals from beneath her abundant draperies.

And Jacob Joseph E. Nagle, fine old thespian of the sterling school, sir, as existing now as the dodo. Has anybody ever heard the back fall as he used to do it? Why, when they told about the pit he had tumbled rearward with his body perfectly rigid and straight and hit the stage—platform, I mean, apparently with the back of his head. And with such a slap! I never do it to this day, and got black and blue all over. I couldn't do it even now. "What could have been more proper than the treatment of that little indiscretion?" The Mrs. Potiphar was chosen for a certain Indian summer mellowness, well calculated to arouse the sympathy of school children with the belief that she was really, Joseph's elderly aunt. Even in its most delicate moments there was nothing in the scene which could have brought the rosate glow to the cheeks of Boston modesty. For was not the moral of at least twenty feet strictly maintained between the participants, and even when an invitation to Joseph to come sit on her lap appeared perilously imminent on her part, a convenient century plant on its pedestal leaves and reveal a fairly old young woman who waved him off with a palm branch?

There was a low comedian, Tom Hadaway, as unobtrusive as Burton, whose puns from Joe Miller's best book were in perfect keeping with the antiquity of the production. The playgoers were thoroughly displeased, although I recall only one, that of locusts, which was indicated by lowering from the flies a small square of black gauze with black spots on it, while the entire company, except the two principals, were made to "to the tune of 'I Want to Be an Angel,'" in which all the Sunday school children, because they knew it, vociferously joined.

Perhaps some of them, possibly Mayor Gaynor, can supply more details. I think the run of the play ended when the war broke out, and then we had the bombardment of Sumter, with lots of red fire and the shooting of Ellsworth just after it happened, and the hymn tunes gave place to "Hail to the color guard" and "Hurrah for the red, white and blue" sung in a way that nearly took the roof off. And the bigger boys, both Sunday school scholars and unregenerate, did rally; and so many of them never came back that I suppose it will not be easy now to find those who remember.

NEW YORK, January 18.

Our impression is strong that Mr. Benjamin put a few years too early the last appearance of Joseph and Mrs. Potiphar on Barnum's "lecture room" stage, that the great Biblical drama was presented during the civil war in that never to be forgotten place of instruction.

Only Two.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, If there is a name at this attitude, says Governor Wilson's secretary to Wall Street maledictors, "it can be manifested only by those who fail to realize that the country has elected to the Presidency an honest man." (Good! This makes two honest men in America.) A. B. H., NEW YORK, January 18.

Premature Dismay.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, It looks to me very much as if the country elected Bryan last November. How does it look to you? STING, NEW YORK, January 18.

Reform for the Dues.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, Collection agencies have sprung up in numbers. There are absolutely no rules or regulations governing them. Any individual, company or corporation can solicit collection business without any restrictions.

When an account is put into the hands of a collection agency and collected the money due to the client is paid out before a week or ten days, and remains on deposit in the bank of this agency without any security whatsoever to the client. The only way to insure the safety of public money would be to require a bond of some kind, or to require a corporation conducting a collection business or to require a statement from all agencies semi-annually as to the amount of their own capital on hand and the volume of business or amount of money collected each month to guarantee the safety of their clients' money. H. MILLER, BROOKLYN, January 17.

A Consensus.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, A signed article occupying about one page in the Outlook for January 18 contains the capital twenty-one terms. Who is the writer? NEW YORK, January 18.

The Inaugural Ball.

We hear authorities have frowned upon the turkey trot. And there will be no grizzly bear Allowed upon the spot.

And likewise by the same decrees There'll be no chicken tips. While censors drawing tight the line The bunny hug will rip.

Now Woodrow Wilson makes request Still further may befall. For it is even possible There won't be any ball.

But there will be some fancy steps. Whatever else he shoves: The bull moose and the elephant. Will gladly kick themselves. McLANDBROOK WILSON.

MARY KONOVSKY.

Why Is She Here?—Being Here, Are We Not Responsible for Her?

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, I have read with great interest the letter signed "Director" in THE SUN of January 18, in which the case of Mary Konovsky. This letter contains matter suggestive of a number of important questions, to only one of which I care to refer.

Who or what is to be held accountable for the presence of Mary Konovsky in this country and for the fact that, being here, she is unable to earn a living wage? To my way of thinking the answer will be found by a study of our present immigration laws.

We allow Mary and her class to enter this country for a fixed number of years in the year. Having once passed our portals Mary gravitates to her own level in the world of labor, finds that she is heavily handicapped by her own deficiencies, a fact which she could neither have understood nor appreciated when she decided to leave her native land, and finally discovers that, through no fault of her own, the maximum amount which she is able to earn a week is not a living wage.

Individuals of much greater intelligence than Mary's, and that this would be the case when she first arrived here. To guide them they had knowledge of the cases of many other Marys who had preceded her as well as an opportunity of observing her personally, and yet she was allowed to enter.

Now that she is here what are we going to do with her? Is she to become a State charge, is she to have an opportunity to educate herself and thus become more self-reliant, or is she to be the expense of the State or is she to be deported?

I do not see how, having once admitted her, we can refuse to recognize our responsibility toward her; but if we do not do this she must either be allowed to starve or starve as may be or must be returned to her home.

Would it not be more humane as well as economically better, both for ourselves and for Mary, if we were to give her the benefit of our large intelligence and by refusing to allow her to come here at all make it impossible for her to make for herself the bitter discovery that she cannot earn a living wage?

NEW YORK, January 18.

Mary Konovsky's Wage Value.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, On Thursday last appeared in your paper a letter signed "Director" with the title "Mary Konovsky's Wage." "Director" in quoting the "employer-manufacturer" of Mary Konovsky makes the statement that "I will pay Mary Konovsky \$6 a week, and this is more than she is worth."

Will "Director" please explain how he fixes the value of Mary Konovsky to be less than \$6 a week? Much of his further argument is based on the sentence quoted above, and so he must prove this statement.

H. GILBERT ROSE, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., January 17.

The Hired Girl's Great Economic Advantage.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir, The letter in this morning's SUN on the case of Mary Konovsky is most interesting. The housewife does not want Mary and yet thousands of housewives are employing the services of Mary because they have no alternative. The scarcity of good house servants and the high price their service commands are the direct causes of underpaid female factory labor. Again the law of supply and demand asserts itself.

I can get to work in my office any number of young women fairly competent to type or tend a telephone switchboard for \$10 or \$12 a week. But how about my house servants? I live in a suburban town close to the city. My home has charming surroundings. My servants sleep in good beds, their rooms are large, as well heated and ventilated as mine. I provide every convenience to lighten and simplify labor. They eat the best food, and I am kind to them. I provide for my family. My automobile takes them to church, and I pay them the wages they ask, and yet they are almost impossible to find, and still harder to keep, although their wage equals that of the factory girl, who must provide for herself from a pittance.

When woman must work she has her choice of occupations. If she chooses the one which is crowded and therefore underpaid all our labor commissioners and social uplifters cannot help her. M. K., NEW YORK, January 18.

NAMES.